

# A N E L E G I

104.

On the Death of the Most Reverend Father in God,

## G I L B E R T

Late Arch-Bishop of

## C A N T E R B U R Y

Primate, and Metropolitan of all ENGLAND, &c.

Who Deceased the 9th. of this Instant November 1677.

**O**H horrid Death! how didst thou Man invade?  
 Or how without Creation wast thou made?  
 Still for thy Crimes we can no Justice get,  
 But all our Glory in the Grave does set,  
 Neglected, Worms our pomper'd Bodies tear,  
 And in soft murmures quarrel for their share:  
 In silent darkness we are wasted soon,  
 And Death no better is for what is done.  
 Prodigious Thief! that cou'd in one sad hour,  
 Rob Virtues Garland of its choicest Flow'r!  
 Was there no more to feast thy Tragick eye,  
 But CANTERBURY through the Shades must flie?  
 Thy Malice now can injure us no more,  
 Then Winds do ruin'd Abbeyes where they roar.  
 SHELDON is dead! that fatal whisper sounds  
 Dreadful to'th Ears, as to the Heart are wounds:  
 And to the wise more easless Terrour brings,  
 Then Whales or Comets do to sickly Kings.  
 Under Great CHARLES he was the Christians hope,  
 He baffled Sectaries, and still'd the Pope;  
 Of whose Devotion, far more care has been  
 Of Temple's Beauty, then of Rites within;  
 And like a Taper on the Altar, He  
 Wasted Himself, by letting others see:  
 So Gallant, Generous, and Noble too;  
 His Charity did Charity out-do.  
 He never ask'd the needy Questions o're,  
 But rather gave'em e're they did Implore.  
 To Strangers, Kind, Courteous to every Man;  
 To Noble Friends a faithful *Jonathan*:

His Kindreds Glory, and his Countreys Lig  
 A Pious Wonder in his Princes fight.  
 In all his Actions he so Justice priz'd,  
 He seem'd a Paradise Epitomiz'd;  
 A sweet *Euphrates*, still watring all  
 That we may Virtuous or Religious call.  
 But now he's vanisht from our dropping eye  
 And left the World to be his Sacrifice:  
 Yet still his Body does remain below,  
 Which (as his Soul) did highly merit too:  
 From holy Bodies we receive our good,  
 But where the Soul lives is not understood.  
 In Pinks and Roses we rich odours smell,  
 Yet mind not whereabouts in them they dwell.  
 Then to his Grave kind Mourners Homage  
 Since it incloseth the *Cælestial Clay*:  
 Cast down fraill Men your pensive eyes, and  
 The Sacred Relique with your Tears be w  
 It is more honour to deplore his Fate,  
 Then to be seated in a Chair of State.  
 And now pure Saint look from thy glorio  
 Exhale! the Anxious Mists that in sad  
 Crown'd with fresh joys of Angels; tal  
 Fold up thy Arms, and shrink into *fove*  
 In that bright Mansion thou wilt safe ab  
 There is no Clouds that can thy Glory h  
 We'll all attend thee when Fames Trump  
 And Souls do to their scatter'd Bodies go.

F I N I S.